



CHAS. M. STRUVEN & CO.,
STEAMSHIP, FACTORY
AND
MACHINISTS' SUPPLIES.
WHOLESALE
GROCERS AND
SHIP CHANDLERS.

Brokers and Commission
Merchants For

**MENHADEN FISH SCRAP
AND FISH OIL.**

114 S. FREDERICK STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Established in 1868.

C. S. SCHERMERHORN & SON,
Receivers, Shippers, Dealers.

GRAIN, HAY FEED, LINED MEAL, COTTON SEED
MEAL, BEST STONE LIME IN BARRELS.

Also Distributors of

THE PURINA POULTRY FEEDS.
127 and 129 Cheapside (Near Pratt Street), BALTIMORE, MD.
VIRGINIA LAWS COMPLIED WITH.

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS,
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,
HARD WARE, PORCH AND STAIN WORK,
PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS.

CLARK SASH & DOOR CORPORATION,
FRANK T. CLARK, Pres. and Manager,
Cor. Plume and Randolph Sts.,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

THE HAWKS-MAUPIN CO.,
SASH, MANTELS, PAINTS, BUILDING,
DOORS, TILING, OILS, PAPERS,
BLINDS, GRATES, GLASS, VARNISHES,
MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, ETC.

115-117 HIGH STREET, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

FRANK T. CLARK COMPANY, LTD.,
Sash, Doors and Blinds
Paints, Oils and Glass,
Cabinet Mantels, Tiles and Grates,
Paroid and Napouset Roofing and Sheathing.
WRITE FOR PRICES.
FRANK T. CLARK CO., Ltd.,
16-98 BROOKE AVENUE
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

MONUMENTS AND GRAVESTONES
IN MARBLE AND GRANITE.
We pay freight and guarantee safe delivery.
As we employ no Carvers or Agents no commissions must
be added to our prices, therefore we can use first class material
and finish it right.
LARGEST STOCK IN THE SOUTH.
When in Norfolk call on us. You will find what you want; see and
know what you are buying and get it quickly.
THE COOPER MARBLE WORKS,
(Established 60 Years)
159 to 163 Bank St., Norfolk, Va.

"A VIRGINIA COMPANY FOR VIRGINIA PEOPLE"
We are a Virginia Company and can give you the best that money can buy
in Life Insurance. Guaranteed by our Mother State, "VIRGINIA," to be
as good as the best. \$100,000.00 in bonds deposited with Treasurer of Vir-
ginia at Richmond, as a guarantee and protection to Policy Holders. Our record
can be learned by reference to Department of Insurance at Richmond. A Life
Insurance Company that can operate in Virginia, under its laws, and to pass the
inspection of its Insurance Department must be good.
Our representative will call on you shortly. Let him explain our policies,
then if you can better yourself elsewhere, don't insure with us. "NUPRED."
Our reference is Virginia's best people.

SECURITY LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA.
STATE OFFICE
220-28 Seaboard Bank Building,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

B. H. BAIRD,
GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.
POSTOFFICE AND PHONE—
WARSAW, VIRGINIA.

Representing Companies having combined
assets of over \$11,000,000.

HAMBURG BREMEN FIRE INSURANCE CO., Hamburg, Germany
VIRGINIA FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO., Richmond, Va.
SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO., Springfield, Mass.
VIRGINIA STATE INSURANCE CO., Richmond, Va.

THE GREAT POLICY-HOLDERS' CO.

1. Why is it that the Union Central, while its premiums are low, can pay
the largest dividends?
1st. Because the company is choicer in selecting its risks. Consequently
it has a low death rate.
2nd. Because for twenty years it has realized the highest interest rate.
3. With what result?
We furnish maximum insurance at minimum cost.
Before taking Life Insurance write for rates in the great Policy-holder
Company.
C. P. PALMER AND R. H. NORRIS, Kilmarnock, Va.
Agencies: A. C. BALL, Moleok, Va.
W. M. STRINGFELLOW, Brandy, Va.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder;
Our paths grow wider as the seasons
 creep.
Along the years; we marvel and we
wonder.
Why life is life, and then we fall
asleep.
Not understood.
Not understood. We gather false im-
pressions
And hug them closer as the years go
by.
Till virtues often seem to us trans-
gressions;
And thus men rise and fall and live
and die—
Not understood.
Not understood. Poor souls with stunted
vision
Off measure giants by the narrow
gauge.
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and
derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who
mold the age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of
action
Which lie beneath the surface and
the show
Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they
often do—
Not understood.
Not understood. How trifles often
change
The thoughtless sentence or the fan-
cied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and
bring us
And on our souls there falls a freezing
blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are
aching
For lack of sympathy. Ah, day by
day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are
breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.
O God! that men would see a little
clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they can
not see.
O God! that men would draw a little
nearer
To one another!—they'd be nearer
Thee.
And understood.

WINTER CRABS BETTER THAN SUMMER VARIETY.

Slightly Larger Than the Common
Kind and Have Finer Flavor.

Says a New York paper:
harring naturalists and a few unnat-
uralists, there are not many persons
who know that the winter months is
the height of the crabbing season around
New York. The commonly accepted
notion is that the crabbing season is at
its height when persons bent on capturing
this elusive crustacean hire rowboats
and go in pursuit of him in the creeks
and bays with small nets baited with
chunks of meat.
If they have good luck two men in a
boat may bring in a few dozen crabs
as the result of an afternoon's fishing.
What would these amateur crabbers
think of a catch of 40,000 crabs in four
or five hours? Such catches have been
made at this time of the year in the
waters of New York harbor.
It is well known by lovers of crabs
that those caught in the summer, bar-
ring the soft shell crabs are almost
worthless as compared with those taken
in the winter. The winter crabs aver-
age but slightly larger than those caught
in summer, but they are much heavier
and of far better flavor.

Men who make it a business to catch
crabs part of the year say they think
the winter crabs are of a different va-
riety from those that are found in these
waters in warm weather. The principal
difference in appearance is in the
apron, or flap of jointed shell that folds
around the after edge of the creature
and covers part of the under side. The
apron of the winter crab is broader
than that of the variety found here in
warm weather.

The winter crab is a deep water animal.
He is never found as is the summer
crab in the shallow creeks and in the
seagrass along the shores of the bays.
From some time in November until
about the last of March is the winter
crabbing season. The crabs are found
bodied in the soft mud of the deeper
parts of the bays; never in sand. They
are usually in water from fifteen to
twenty-five feet deep.

They lie entirely covered with mud ex-
cept their eyes, and do not move unless
raked out with the dredges of the fish-
ermen. Crabbers say that these crabs,
although fat and heavy at this time of
the year, die in the spring where they
are lying in the mud. Toward the end
of the season the dredges bring up
mostly dead crabs or empty shells.
The winter crabs are boiled, deviled or
picked and shipped away as crab meat.
Although these crabs are nearly as
large as some of the lobsters used and
are considered by many lovers of sea
food as of finer flavor, there are no crab
palaces to correspond with the lobster
palaces of New York, nor has the
crab yet made much of a place for
himself in these gilded haunts of the
lobster.

[Continued.]

THE EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The recently held convention in Rich-
mond in the interests of education de-
serves to be commemorated as one of
the most largely attended and enthu-
siastic meetings ever held in this State.
Nearly 2,000 teachers were present,
representing every phase of education,
and every movement towards higher
ideals in the Virginia School system.
Representatives of the High Schools,
the Colleges of the State, the grammar
schools, in a word, every condition of
educational work was represented.

The keynote of the meeting was "Co-
operation." The growth of popular
education reflects great credit on Su-
perintendent Eggleston and Governor
Swanson. In 1905 Virginia stood 35th
in the scale of education in the United
States, and in 1908 our State ranked
17th, so rapid have the forward and up-
ward strides been made. A marvelous
growth indeed, for more has been
accomplished within the past three
years than in the previous 75.

We may confidently and even joyfully
look forward to the place Virginia will
take at the front as the leader in ad-
vanced educational movement.
The High School is the People's Col-
lege, has been a common saying. But
really this is scarcely the truth, as it
has been so far a training school for
those entering college. But when it
is recalled that only about two per cent
of those who are high school graduates
ever go further, or even enter a col-
lege or professional school of any sort,
the real importance of this school be-
comes paramount. In the conference
the importance of a practical training
in this college of the masses was em-
phasized, the common expression being
that the course of study required re-
vision, and that instead of such stress
being placed on foreign languages and
mathematics, more attention should be
given to manual training and domestic
science.

A question of great importance dis-
cussed was that of complete training
for teachers. Virginia is doing her
best in this line, and attention was made
of the schools at Fredericksburg and
other points.
If there were no other cause for ap-
plauding the work of the Educational
Conference, the enthusiasm manifested
was of value. Public attention thus
called to the work of education and to
the situation as at present, and the
condition of present legislation on the
subject, the problem of the future will
be of easier solution when by such inter-
change of sentiment those engaged in
this vitally important work see what
has been done, and in the light of this
already great work, can better grasp
the problem as it stands at present and
in the immediate future. It demands
the keenest thought, the profoundest
study—this problem of the education
of the masses—and especially the 90 per
cent of those who never get further
than the High School, if indeed that far.
ELDRIDGE SMITH.

TRIBUTE TO LANCASTER LADIES.

We clip the following from "Our
Mountain View":
"It was a steep ascent nearly all the
way, and as we got nearer to the top of
the mountain we found ourselves in the
clouds. It was raining, and there was
a gale of wind blowing, which at one
exposed point produced a very curious
phenomenon. The cloud in which we
were immersed seemed to be torn into
shreds, and blown past us almost like
large pieces of paper. On one side,
too, the mountain side sloped almost
precipitously into Pocahontas Hollow, which
lay far beneath us but concealed by the
clouds below us. The effect was weird
in the extreme. After tramping for a
long time up the mountain we thought
we must have passed by the little Mis-
sion Station in the mist; but we fortun-
ately came across a small boy, whom
we found was much interested in killing
a snake which had managed to get all
but its tail into a tree stump. He ap-
pealed to us for assistance, but was per-
suaded to forego his fight with the
snake in order to show us the way to
the Mission. He was a very ragged
urchin, and could not accompany us
further than to within a few hundred
yards of the Mission House, as he evi-
dently did not want to be seen there in
such an unrepresentable condition.
"Owing to the accident to the carriage
we were considerably behind time,
but the people were waiting for me, and
after partaking of some refreshments we
proceeded to the Chapel and held ser-
vice. The Misses Towles, who have
held this lonely outpost of the church
for some years, had prepared a large
class of some sixteen persons for Com-
munion, and the service was a most
impressive one. Two or three had to
be sent for, as they did not think the
Bishop was coming, and the service
was repeated for their benefit."
The Misses Towles are from Bertrand,
Lancaster county, and a crown of glory
awaits these unselfish and devoted
missionaries.

LEARN A TRADE BOYS.

Ex-Mayor Hayes, of Baltimore, says
that he is sure he would have been a
better lawyer if he had learned to shoe
horses. He believes that every boy is
better off if he learned a trade of some
sort, a mechanical occupation that trains
the hand and eye to precision. Some-
thing in that. Talking sometime ago
with an old hand, who for many years
followed a specialty of medicine, he now
being an assistant in a newspaper of-
fice, he said: "When I was a boy I
went into a newspaper office as a sort
of reporter. I had just left my father's
shop where I helped to build wagons.
I got some notion of newspaper work
then, and though afterwards I studied
a profession and practiced this for years,
still, now that I am unfit for that sort
of work I find my early knowledge ac-
quired in a newspaper office very use-
ful, for I am making my living, and
beside that am in a work I have always
liked. Had I not gotten the little
knowledge of the pen-craft then I could
not now be busy; and to be busy is to
be contented. There is nothing knocks
an old fellow out so quickly as to be
idle. But to this day I find occasional
use for the trick of the hand acquired
in the wagon-shop."

WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in town."
I said, "There are flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."
I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din;
And He swept as He sent me back;
"There is more," He said, "there is
sin."
I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."
I said, "I shall miss the light
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they."
I pleaded for time to be given,
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your
Guide."
—George MacDonald.

THE BIRD TRIBUTE TO VANITY.

Startling Figures and Statements
to Show Cruelty in Our Women.

B. P. Hampton, in Hampton's Maga-
zine, tells very strongly and forcibly of
the destruction of song and other birds
to gratify the vanity and love of adorn-
ment of the women of our day. He
thinks that if women really appreciated
the enormity of the crime they commit
by encouraging the murder of birds for
the sake of adding to their love of dis-
play they would cease to demand feath-
ers for their hats that cost so much of
life to the feathered creation.
Speaking of the white heron, from
which are obtained the beautiful plumes
forming the aigrette that adorns the
hats of the fashionable ladies, and
which cost \$32 an ounce, Mr. Hampton
says that these plumes are only in their
full growth and splendor when the
mother bird is in the breeding season,
and that to destroy the bird of course is
to break up the breed, frequently leav-
ing the young and helpless offspring to
perish of starvation. Although these
plumes are so costly, the desire for them
has nearly exterminated the heron.
Speaking of other birds, common to
us, Hampton says:
"It is an admitted fact that, if our
birds were properly protected against
indiscriminate slaughter, the loss to our
crops through insect pests would be re-
duced to an almost imperceptible figure;
there is scarcely a word uttered in pro-
test against the permission of that
slaughter and the consequent annual
loss of almost \$800,000,000, an amount
nearly equal to the total capitalization
of all the national banks in the United
States. Amazing as such a statement
at first appears, it is, believe me, read-
ily demonstrable. The insects kill the
crops, birds kill the insects, and we
kill the birds.
Birds are the instinctive enemies of
the destroying insects which are, indeed,
their ordained food, and their policing
of the crops cannot be replaced—can
at most, be supplemented—by such
human devices as the arsenic spray.
One pair of rose-breasted grosbeak can,
in a week, destroy all of the potato
bugs on an acre of potato vines and then
keep the vines clean for the entire
season, whereas two boys with a bucket
of Paris green, at the traditional salary
of one cent for every hundred slain bugs,
cannot even approximate that record.
Many varieties of birds have been
nearly or quite exterminated by this
kind of slaughter. No less than 50,000
Chinese pheasants were killed by rifle
shooters in Oregon in a single day.
The hunter has pronounced the doom
of the wood duck and the milliner has
sentenced the bluebird. The passenger
pigeon, once plentiful, is now absolutely
extinct, and a small wonder. They used
to be butchered in their breeding places
by the wagon load; the trees in which
they rested were felled; the squabs were
bagged and slain; sulphur was burned
under the branches and the stupefied
victims, falling to earth, were clubbed
or shot to death.
And yet women go on wearing the
plumage of birds. The barn owl which
destroys the gophers of the West, the
cotton rats of the South and the mice of
the North; the flicker, which preys upon
destructive ants; the bluebird which
Professor Beal, of the National Depart-
ment of Agriculture, has pronounced
invaluable to the farmer—all these and
far beyond a score more continue, clever-
ly disguised, to adorn the headgear of
the sex which we men have always
been taught to regard as our superior
in gentleness. Is it useless to say with
Charles Dudley Warner that "a dead
bird does not help the appearance of an
ugly woman" and that "a pretty woman
needs no such adornment"? Will not
fatuous femininity permit even the song-
birds to escape?"

CURSE OF INTemperance.

The Burning Words of Col. Inger
Soil Are Worth Recalling.

(From one of Bob Inger's addresses.)
Intemperance cuts down youth in its
strength and age in its weakness. It
breaks the father's heart and bereaves
the doting mother, extinguishes natural
affection, erases conjugal love, blots out
filial attachments, blights parental hope,
and brings down mourning age to the
grave. It produces weakness, not
strength; sickness, not health; death,
not life. It makes wives widows, child-
ren orphans, fathers fiends, and all of
them paupers and beggars. It feeds
epidemics, invites cholera, imports
pestilence, and embraces consumption.
It covers the land with idleness, misery,
and crime. It fills your jails, supplies
your almshouses, and demands your
asylums. It crowds your penitentiaries
and victims for your scaffolds. It is the
lifeblood of the gambler, the element of
the burglar, the prop of the highway-
man, and the support of the midnight
incendiary. It countenances crime,
respects the thief and esteems the
blamephemer. It violates obligations,
reverences frauds, and honors infamy.
It defames benevolence, hates love,
scorns virtue, and slanders innocence.
It incites the father to butcher his off-
spring, the husband to massacre his
wife, and the child to grind the para-
doxical axe. It burns upon men, consumes
women, detests life, curses God, and
despises heaven. It debases the citizen,
degrades the legislator, dishonors the
statesman, and disarms the patriot. It
brings shame, not honor; terror, not
safety; despair, not hope; misery, not
happiness, and with the malice of a
fiend it calmly surveys its frightful
deolation, and, unsatisfied with its
havoc, it poisons fidelity kills peace,
ruins morals, blights confidence, slays
reputation, and wipes out a nation's
honors, then curses the world and laughs
at its ruin.

VIRGINIA OYSTERS OF LONG AGO.

While the President was regaling
himself with gusto on the famous Vir-
ginia hivalves, we wonder if any anti-
quarian reminded him of the occasion
when more than a century ago, and
near the same spot, General Washington
and the Counte D'Estaing and the Mar-
quis de Rochambeau lunched together
and smacked their lips in appreciation
of the same excellent dainty. The
French fleet sailed into the Capes and
dropped anchor in Lynnhaven Bay.
Washington crossed over from Hampton
to perfect with his allies the plans for
taking Yorktown; and after the council
of war was ended, the three comman-
ders ate a meal together of which a
great tourcen of Lynnhaven oysters
formed the principal dish. A letter of
the time credits the Marquis with hav-
ing said that he and all his men would
die a-fighting or drive "de sheeps of
Angleterre from dese waters where dese
butiful shall-feeth inhabit." Mr.
Taft was less heroic but quite as em-
phatic when he declared the Lynnhaven
to be the best oysters he had ever
tasted.—Virginian-Pilot.

MR. CARLTON TELLS ABOUT HIS HAY CROP.

EDITOR SENTINEL:
Since making the statement in your
paper that I cut six tons of hay from a
single cutting, to the acre, it seems that
many are in doubt and some are inclined
to criticize. In your last issue "Mr.
Farmer" seems to think that I owe to
the Tidewater farmers an explanation
of how I raised it. If he is one of the
"doubting Thomases" I can't afford to
take any notice of such; but I am al-
ways glad to help any one that is inter-
ested. If "Farmer" will refer to
Southern Planter, November 1904, page
228, he will find that Mr. Clark raised
14,728 from first cutting from 2 of an
acre and from the two cuttings over 11

tons. This was from less than an acre,
and you will find also that Mr. Clark
claims (but not in this issue) that every
six inches from a perfect stand of a
mixture of timothy, herdsgrass and
sawing clover makes a ton.
I sowed 11 acres in grass in September,
1908, 10 acres I sowed in sipping clover
and timothy and one acre in timothy,
herdsgrass and clover, and it is from
that that I cut the six tons. I got a
splendid stand on all of it. After cut-
ting it, it was so thick on the ground I
was compelled to turn it several times
by hand in order to cure it properly.
When ready to go in the hay house I
selected a shock from each end of the
acre (it being a long strip of land, and
shocks as uniform as possible) and
weighed them after being cut six or
seven days. It measured in height from
3 to 4 feet over the entire acre. It had
fallen before reaching maturity. This
is an acre by the drill. I did not weigh
any from the ten acre field, but would
suppose from the growth it would aver-
age 5 tons to the acre.
The first thing necessary for a good
crop of hay is a red clay subsoil and the
top soil made rich enough to bring it.
I put my land in German clover and
followed with cow peas and used plenty
of barn-yard manure, and lime, putting
on 2 or 3 tons to the acre—lime gotten
from burnt shell kilns. Lime applied
after turning in clover and peas. Before
sowing to grass I top-dressed heavily
with barn-yard manure, and at seeding
time used about 4 or 5 hundred pounds
of raw bone meal on each acre, and
same amount of Acid Phosphate on the
rest of field. After thorough prepara-
tion, I seeded with wheat drill about 25
quarts to the acre of seed, which I bought
and mixed myself, two parts timothy
and one part sipping clover, and on the
one acre two parts timothy, one part
sipping clover and one part herdsgrass
or red top. I have about twenty-one
acres in grass at this writing, a good
stand on most of it. I have no hay for
sale, as I am feeding it to stock and
would advise others to do the same if
possible.
My postoffice is Center Cross, but my
farm is in King and Queen on the Dragon
that divides Essex and King and Queen.
ELLIS M. CARLTON,
Center Cross, Va.

BAD HABIT.

Nothing At All Turns Up For Men
Who Sit Down And Wait, Like
Micawber.

(Norfolk Landmark.)
"I suppose it's a fact," said Mr. Mac-
Whack "that about the worst habit
one could contract is that of sitting
down and waiting for something to
turn up.
"I've known a lot of men that have
had this habit, but I have never known
one of them to have anything come to
him yet. Of course, there's a chance
of a man's being struck by lightning,
but if you take the total population of
the world and divide it by the number
struck you would find that the chances
of one's being struck are very small,
and the chances of anything coming to
a man who is waiting for something to
turn up are a great deal smaller still.
"You see, as I tell my son, William
MacWhack, jr., something that is to
say, that the something that we are al-
ways looking for to turn up, is really
not, as you might say, a thing of mi-
gratory nature; that is, not a thing
that seeks people. In fact, one of its
chief characteristics consists in its in-
clination to stick somewhere, generally
more or less far off, in which it is like
gold in its raw shape, which lies buried
in the earth at a great distance, where
we must go and dig for it and dig hard
if we want to get it. Monies and va-
rious other afflictions come to us, but
not so, as a rule, with something, mean-
ing prosperity, which we must go out
and seek.
"So I tell William that I hope he
won't join the great army of those who
sit down and wait for something to
turn up. He might be struck by light-
ning but the chances are so much
against it that it would be a terrible
waste of time to figure 'em out and
there wouldn't be any thing coming to
him then.
"What I hope is that William will get
out and look and dig for what he wants
and not sit down and wait, and he
won't find the competition as keen as
perhaps he thinks, for really there is
not such an everlasting lot of steady,
stick-to-it diggers. There's a chance
for every man that means business.
"And then I tell Willie that if he
doesn't get the biggest prize in the
whole world he'll get something, and
something worth having, if he'll only
get out and get to work around among
men in the places where the diggings
are found.
"That's what I'm hoping William jr.,
will do—go out and work like a man for
what he wants; the work of all others
that I hope he won't do is to sit down
and wait for something to turn up."

Looking One's Best.

It's a woman's delight to look her best, but pim-
ples, skin eruptions, sores and boils rob life of
joy. Listen! Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them;
makes the skin soft and velvety. It cures the
face, Cures Pimples, Sore Eyes, Cold Sores,
Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands. Try It. Infallible
for Piles. 25c at all druggists.

CABBAGE A VIRGINIA PRODUCT.

(Roanoke World.)
While Virginia may not claim the
cabbage plant as her own, she can lay
claim to production of this necessary
vegetable on a large scale. The cab-
bages of Southwest Virginia, too, are
known far and wide—even in Roanoke
to which point it is interesting to note
that some of the product is shipped
home from the Northern markets.
To be more definite: Over the lines of
the Norfolk & Western alone from the
Southwest counties have been shipped
more than 3,000 cars of cabbage this
season! Think of that! We do not know
how many heads of cabbage a car will
hold, but we feel safe in saying that
the 3,000 carloads totaled several million
heads of cabbage. From the vicinity of
Rural Retreat alone 1,300 cars have
been shipped to date. Isn't Rural Ret-
reat some cabbage.
This is one of the phases of agricul-
ture or trucking in Virginia that cannot
be discounted in considering Virginia's
resources.

THE SMILE OF A WOMAN.

The smile of a woman, it brings back
the sun
When shadows drift down and the day-
light is done!
The smile of a woman, it lifts and it
leads
The heart that is heavy, the spirit that
is dead
The smile of a woman, in worlds that
are night
With garments of winter, wind-driven
and white,
Dawns down the dark valleys and over
the hills
Till spring laughs again on the lips of
the hills
And summer's soft morning comes back
to the land
With a rose in her hair and a bloom in
her hand!
The smile of a woman—it brings to life
the earth
The music of morn on the red lips of
mirth,
The hope and the joy and the dreaming
Where love holds a little one's face on
its breast.
—The Bentztown Bard.

BAD HABIT.

Nothing At All Turns Up For Men
Who Sit Down And Wait, Like
Micawber.

(Norfolk Landmark.)
"I suppose it's a fact," said Mr. Mac-
Whack "that about the worst habit
one could contract is that of sitting
down and waiting for something to
turn up.
"I've known a lot of men that have
had this habit, but I have never known
one of them to have anything come to
him yet. Of course, there's a chance
of a man's being struck by lightning,
but if you take the total population of
the world and divide it by the number
struck you would find that the chances
of one's being struck are very small,
and the chances of anything coming to
a man who is waiting for something to
turn up are a great deal smaller still.
"You see, as I tell my son, William
MacWhack, jr., something that is to
say, that the something that we are al-
ways looking for to turn up, is really
not, as you might say, a thing of mi-
gratory nature; that is, not a thing
that seeks people. In fact, one of its
chief characteristics consists in its in-
clination to stick somewhere, generally
more or less far off, in which it is like
gold in its raw shape, which lies buried
in the earth at a great distance, where
we must go and dig for it and dig hard
if we want to get it. Monies and va-
rious other afflictions come to us, but
not so, as a rule, with something, mean-
ing prosperity, which we must go out
and seek.
"So I tell William that I hope he
won't join the great army of those who
sit down and wait for something to
turn up. He might be struck by light-
ning but the chances are so much
against it that it would be a terrible
waste of time to figure 'em out and
there wouldn't be any thing coming to
him then.
"What I hope is that William will get
out and look and dig for what he wants
and not sit down and wait, and he
won't find the competition as keen as
perhaps he thinks, for really there is
not such an everlasting lot of steady,
stick-to-it diggers. There's a chance
for every man that means business.
"And then I tell Willie that if he
doesn't get the biggest prize in the
whole world he'll get something, and
something worth having, if he'll only
get out and get to work around among
men in the places where the diggings
are found.
"That's what I'm hoping William jr.,
will do—go out and work like a man for
what he wants; the work of all others
that I hope he won't do is to sit down
and wait for something to turn up."

Looking One's Best.

It's a woman's delight to look her best, but pim-
ples, skin eruptions, sores and boils rob life of
joy. Listen! Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them;
makes the skin soft and velvety. It cures the
face, Cures Pimples, Sore Eyes, Cold Sores,
Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands. Try It. Infallible
for Piles. 25c at all druggists.

CABBAGE A VIRGINIA PRODUCT.

(Roanoke World.)
While Virginia may not claim the
cabbage plant as her own, she can lay
claim to production of this necessary
vegetable on a large scale. The cab-
bages of Southwest Virginia, too, are
known far and wide—even in Roanoke
to which point it is interesting to note
that some of the product is shipped
home from the Northern markets.
To be more definite: Over the lines of
the Norfolk & Western alone from the
Southwest counties have been shipped
more than 3,000 cars of cabbage this
season! Think of that! We do not know
how many heads of cabbage a car will
hold, but we feel safe in saying that
the 3,000 carloads totaled several million
heads of cabbage. From the vicinity of